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THE MEMORIAL TO THE PIONEER MOTHER OF INDIANA

My mother's voice—how often creep
Its accents on my lonely hours,
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,—
But in the dim unbroken air
Her gentle tones come creeping by
And years, and sin, and manhood flee
And leave me at my mother's knee.

—*Jones Very.*

THE INDIANA CENTENNIAL YEAR
NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

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(Ed.)

THE MEMORIAL TO THE PIONEER MOTHER OF INDIANA

1916

The "Mother of Exiles," facing Europe, stands
Colossal, on "Manhattan's ship-fringed shore."
California's Mother Pioneer
Towards Asia looks o'er broad Pacific sea.
Memorial this Centennial Year we place
In Middle West, to Mothers who have kept
"The home lights burning" for a hundred years
On Indiana soil.

C. D.

FOR SALE BY
W. K. STEWART COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS

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Mrs. Samuel M. Ralston
Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee
Pioneer Mother Memorial
June, 1916

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FOREWORD

THE people of Indiana have come to the front this centennial year, 1916, in the placing of memorials over the state. The planting of trees, the dedication of parks, hospitals, libraries, civic buildings and churches; the placing of fountains and the marking of historic landmarks of every kind have been quite general.

One memorial yet to be erected, and one which seems to make the widest appeal, is that in honor of the Pioneer Mother of Indiana. This concerns every one in the state and every one is offered an opportunity to share in this tribute of respect long overdue.

This booklet is intended to interest all whose attention has not been called to the subject, and to show the true sentiment that has already responded to the movement. All are asked to contribute, however little, to the memorial. The sale of this booklet itself is for the fund, and every one is asked to buy a copy.

THE COMMITTEE.

MOTHER O' MINE

IF I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

—Rudyard Kipling.

AN APPEAL

BRAVE men came to these parts a hundred years ago to help in building a new state. Brave women came, too, and the women played as vital a part in the founding of the new state as the men. The men and the women of that day toiled and suffered together in establishing for us the blessings of civilized life, of law and order, of freedom and of homes. The men and women of to-day should likewise be co-workers in commemorating the sacrifices and achievements of our forefathers and foremothers, through whose courage and devotion our good state came into being. The people who forget their past will deserve themselves to be forgotten. We have a trust committed to our keeping; knowledge of the past helps us to live for the future; by commemorating the dead we receive inspiration to serve the living.

—James A. Woodburn,
Indiana University.

HOW ONE SHOULD THINK OF THE PIONEER MOTHER

ASIDE from the log cabin and the spinning wheel, one must also think of the Pioneer Mother in connection with the great things of the world, for she belonged in the company of the brave and the true. She had what we recognize in the Sistine Madonna, in Wagner's Pilgrims' Chorus, in the Prophets and Sibyls of Michael Angelo. She was spiritually related to Prometheus, to Christopher Columbus and to Arnold von Winkelreid; like Joan of Arc, she heard the voices and obeyed them, as the visions of a better time came to her while she worked in the unbroken wilderness of Indiana.

In undertaking the Memorial to the Pioneer Mother of Indiana, no standard is too high. While it should be for Indiana first, it should also be for the Middle West, as there is nothing of the kind in this region between the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains. Its artistic value should cause the people to look upon it with the pride that the Venetians do upon the Colleoni, the Swiss upon the Lion of Lucerne, and the people of New England upon the Shaw Monument.

The able committee in charge of it have no enviable task in finding talent in the United States for the execution of a piece of work so important to the people of Indiana.

—S. S.

THE PIONEER MOTHER

WE who live softly in luxurious days—
What know we of the grim heroic life
In the deep forest of the settler's wife,
Who followed him she loved thro' weary ways,
Haunted by beast and savage, and alone
In hardship and in danger strove to rear
Her little brood, stifling her woman's fear,
And kept the cabin that they made their own?
Her hands were hard with toil, yet all the more
Honor to her who lost her youthful grace
And let the lines grow deep upon her face,
While stalwart offspring to the state she bore.
Pray God her children be as pure and true,
As brave to dare, as quick and strong to do!

—William Dudly Foulke.

Richmond, Indiana.

THE OLD SUPERSTITION

THIS centennial of Indiana makes a great opportunity to throttle that old superstition that pioneer heroism is a masculine quality. Most men that amount to anything have at least a secret consciousness that some woman is responsible for it, and we might certainly give impersonal tribute to the composite mother, who is responsible for at least half of the labors in establishing the state.

Yours cordially,

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

Born in Pendleton, Indiana.

TO THE MOTHER

THE mother-hands no further toil may know;
The mother-eyes smile not on you and me;
The mother-heart is stilled, alas!—But O
The mother-love abides eternally.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE PIONEER MOTHER

IN HER other home in East or South she was a lovely girl—no less lovely because she went barefooted sometimes upon the soft earth beneath the beech and sugar trees, waded in the clear water of the brook—her pink toes jewels set in the pebbly sand—wore a gown of rough homespun, and worked hard with her mother at homely tasks.

She wedded—a young man with clear eyes, broad shoulders, strong sinews, and no wealth but one who meant to get ahead, to do better than his father had been able to do. For their wedding journey they traveled for days in an ox cart, with a cow leading behind, along the stumpy forest road to their new home. Their home—at first it was an open-faced cabin, with chimney of mud and sticks, the bed a rude shakedown in a corner, their table a rough slab of wood, but it was —home. She cooked and sewed, dropped corn in the holes her man made between the roots in the deadening, picked blackberries and garnered nuts, milked the cow, tanned deerskins, carded and spun and wove rough cloth of flax and wool, hulled the hominy with lye, and wrestled, sometimes desperately, but never despairingly, with pots and pans.

Children came, with their clinging arms. Their tiny feet pattered about the door of the new cabin; their voices rose in harmony with the song of the thrush and catbird in the woods beyond. For the most

part these were joyous days, but there came times when, with no doctor to aid, the Mother went down into the Valley of the Shadow and fought desperately as ever warrior fought on bloody battlefield to snatch back a life upon which the Grim Destroyer had laid cold hands, and when all else seemed to fail she prayed to the One who watches over the innocent and the helpless.

She grew older. There were gray hairs among the raven ones, and her hands were rough, almost as rough as her husband's, to whom her price was far above rubies. There was comfort and prosperity now: a frame house, with wide porches, calico and even silk gowns, in place of the homespun—and the wolves in the woods howled no longer. There was happiness, but no more than there had been in the open-faced cabin.

The years passed, some happy, some sad. The children, like the swallows, left the nest and built nests of their own. There were grandchildren, even great-grandchildren, about the hearth. With her husband she sat upon the porch, looking out over broad acres, but thinking about the past.

She is gone. The grass grows green over her grave among the trees in the little ivy-covered plot upon the hill. We see her no more. What has been can never be again—we realize it with a clutch upon our throats and starting tears in the silent watches of the night when we think of the things that are past. Her place knows her not. But her spirit watches yearningly above her own, and may her own be worthy of her yearning!

Her epitaph is written in the Book of Books:

"A worthy woman who can find? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and she doeth him good all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

—Paul L. Haworth.

West Newton, Indiana.

FROM "THE GRACIOUS SPINNER"

A WINSOME lady of the spinning wheel,
Proud pioneer of toil that bears no shame:
Shall thy near offspring blush when men reveal
Their mother's glory, giving it the name
Of peasant service, hinting with dull scorn
Their low degree as of the lowly born?

Nay, peerless type of motherhood, that gave
Thy heart's best treasures for thy country's weal
And sent thy sons to battle for the slave
When war's wild tumult hushed thy busy wheel;
Thy title holds to Honor's radiant line,
The gentlest blood in all the land is thine.

—Benjamin S. Parker.

THE PIONEER MOTHER

THE new home which the Pioneer Mother in Indiana helped to create was the cabin in the clearing—the sunlight finding its way through giant trees; but there were other homes on treeless prairies, whither went the slow-moving, white-covered wagons, sometimes called the Prairie Schooners.

Families journeyed together for protection and companionship, for one of the finest things in pioneer life was the relation of these neighbors, a relation created from necessity as well as choice. Sometimes the Angel of Death caused a pause in the long journey. It might be the baby whose little life went out from exposure to the unusual hardships; so tenderly the little grave was made and left and then it was discovered that a mother's life could go on even when the heart breaks.

With the wound unhealing,
With courage unyielding,

the Pioneer Mother did go on to be the strength and the comfort of those who were left.

Few of their household possessions could be transported by the pioneers to the new land, and it was hard to select from the eastern home what might be taken westward. Usually a small mirror survived the journey and became the chief ornament in the new cabin; it reflected the cheerful face of the mother, who smiled through fatigue and struggled against home-

sickness. How bravely she filled the hours of the long day, for her work began with the early dawn and often after the household were peacefully sleeping, by the light of a tallow candle, made by herself, she finished some needful task.

In that early day, the love of beauty and the ability to create it lived in the mind and heart of the mother. Through all the hardships she suffered and the deprivations she endured, it did not forsake her. She it was who knew the secrets of the needed colors, when the American tapestry—the home-made coverlet was created. The wonderful depth and beauty of the indigo blue, the yellow of the hickory-bark, the warm brown of the walnut-hulls and the subdued red of the madder-root, all these she knew and made them serve her purpose. As she journeyed through the forest or over the billowy prairie on errands of love or necessity, going on horseback, most frequently, she found the shrubs and flowers which later adorned the dooryard of her new home. One Pioneer Mother never returned from a journey without some precious plant or flower fastened to her side saddle. Another journeying with her husband through the almost unbroken forest, saw a delicate flowering shrub; the wagon was halted, the husband dug up the root; it was named the bush honeysuckle, and to-day a descendant of that shrub blossoming in the wilderness eighty years ago, annually announces the first hint of spring in a garden in Indiana.

The life of the Pioneer Mother, we call hard; but how the wonderful law of compensation flowered round it. How free she was from the foolish con-

ventions and harmful fashions that to-day encompass her great-granddaughters. Strong and courageous soul! how much she achieved through difficulties so great! Shall we not honor the Pioneer Mother by hastening to give to women political rights which she earned but did not possess! And those of us who are her direct descendants, may we be worthy of our ancestry!

—Martha Nicholson McKay.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

THE bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battlefield.

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave,
And, oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

—Joaquin Miller (Indiana Poet).

LETTER FROM MISS MARY HANNA KROUT

FEBRUARY 8, 1916.

MY DEAR * * *—I need not tell you how heartily I approve of the undertaking for placing a memorial to the Pioneer Mothers of Indiana.

From the landing of the Pilgrims until within very recent years almost the entire credit of redeeming our country from savagery has been given to the fathers and sons of our ancestors. It has been assumed that they alone confronted the perils and endured the privations of those who undertook the labor of creating and maintaining a civilization. History has preserved a very profound silence upon the part women took in those privations. Yet they, too, labored, suffered and died not less patiently and heroically than the men with whom their destiny was inseparably united.

Endowed by nature with keener sensibilities, with feebler physical powers, their burdens were heavier proportionally than those of the pioneer fathers; their hours of toil were longer, and added to this the bearing and rearing of large families, the nursing of the sick through the terrible fevers to which the pioneers in this state were subject, were duties that fell to them alone. I have been glad that I have lived long enough to know and honor the last of the pioneer women in Montgomery, my own county. For most of them the rewards of perseverance and industry had been achieved; the log cabin, the loom and the spinning

wheel had long since given way to the comforts and conveniences of the modern home. But, intellectually and spiritually, they retained with them sacred memories, a sturdy integrity, a spirit of honorable independence, a strength of mind and a keen insight into public affairs that our present-day systems of education have not been able to impart. They possessed a dignity that was wisdom, and they were honored and deferred to in their households. Whatever we of the present may have acquired in virtue and intelligence is a gift, through inheritance, not more from our forefathers than from our foremothers as well and in perhaps a greater degree.

Very sincerely yours,

MARY H. KROUT,

Crawfordsville, Ind.

SOME OF THE WORDS THAT HAVE COME IN WITH THE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PIONEER MOTHER MEMORIAL FUND

THE words accompanying the contributions to the Pioneer Mother Memorial Fund are valuable above price and show that everywhere real sentiment is as lasting as life itself and appeals alike to the manhood, the womanhood and the childhood of the world.

NOTHING strikes so deep down into the heart of a man as memory of his mother or grandmother. This touches mine, for it brings back the days that are no more. I wish that I had money enough for the whole memorial; but let this little sum speak for the love and reverence that I feel.

SHE walked beside him on the trail; she reared his children; she sustained his courage, and this is given in her name.

FROM a group of workers who consider themselves the true daughters of the Pioneer Mother.

IN memory of a Pioneer Mother who brought her courageous heart and undimmed vision into the unbroken wilderness near Pendleton, Indiana, this contribution is made by ———.

I WAS a slave; but I am pleased to give fifty cents to the memorial of the Pioneer White Mother. The Pioneer Black Mother was brave, too, and I am thinking of her. L. R.

MY wife was a true Pioneer Mother in every sense of the word. I want this contribution to bear witness to my appreciation of her noble character. I shall soon join her.

I GLADLY send this for the Pioneer Mother Memorial in the name of my grandmother, who crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains from Virginia over a hundred years ago, settled on a Kentucky hillside, and after a life of sweet reasonableness was buried near the home where the first clearing was made.

I likewise remember the colored "Mammy" who took tender care of me after the death of my mother, when I was only four years old.

I NEVER saw my mother or my grandmother; but I am sending this in memory of the little daughter I laid away last fall. She was my only child.

PLEASE place this in honor of the daughters and mothers of Tennessee, for the Pioneer Mother Fund.

I AM going to raise one of my ducks for the Pioneer Mother Fund and my brother is going to raise a hill of potatoes; all four of us are going to do something over here in Hancock county.

The clicking of the overall machine is a worthy reminder of that "Queen of Industry," the Pioneer Mother, and in the sound of the hum of our shop we send this appreciation of what the mothers of Indiana did to make our state.

The grandsons of the Pioneer Mother revere her memory and consider it an honor to contribute to the Pioneer Mother Memorial Fund.

I give this sum in honor of the mothers and daughters of my country, Armenia; their suffering for Christianity makes my heart bleed. All the mothers of the world should be included in the thought of this memorial to the Pioneer Mother of Indiana.

In memory of my ancestors, a husband and wife, who came to America one hundred and seventy-one years ago for religious freedom and worked three and a half years at spinning and weaving to pay their passage. The family date from Germany to Pennsylvania in 1745; from Pennsylvania to Virginia, 1791; from Virginia to Indiana, 1831, where I now live in Montgomery county.

Please accept this contribution from a member of the Indiana Society in New York.

Of all the pioneer mothers, those who went to the territory of Kansas between 1850 and 1858 were worthy of deepest gratitude. In the Free State war

their souls were literally tried by fire; their lovely New England complexions were faded by the fierce prairie winds; but their spirits met the trials of each day with sustaining power and they helped to make Kansas the exceptionally free and noble state that she is. To these mothers I give this sum.

My two brothers and I have a shop, and we are going to make a book-rack to be sold for the Pioneer Mother Fund. We do this in memory of our great-grandmothers, who were among the first settlers of Ohio and Indiana.

WHAT THE PIONEER MOTHER MEMORIAL SHOULD SUGGEST

FROM head to foot the human must be seen,
The love, in reach of arm from shoulder line,
The soul, in face that turns not right nor left,
Nor bows to earth nor lifts to heaven above,
But bravely faces what the hour demands;
Courage, protection, patience infinite
Chiseled in posture—till the whole shall be
Complete. Who looks upon it in rapt vision
Stands, as memory takes him back to days
When innocence possessed his youthful heart.
But most of all he ponders o'er a mother's love.
No words but these upon the base shall stand—
"The Mother Pioneer."

—Eva Marble Bondy.

Valparaiso, Ind.

INSCRIPTIONS TO THE PIONEER MOTHER

To the brave women who amid strange dangers and with heavy toil made the home and reared the families.

From the Peristyle of the Columbian Exposition, facing Lake Michigan. Ascribed to President Eliot of Harvard.

Over rude ways beset with hunger and risk she pressed on to the vision of a better country. To an assemblage of men busied with the perishable rewards of the day, she brought the threefold leaven of enduring society—faith, gentleness and the home with its nurture of children.

—Benjamin Ide Wheeler.
University of California.

Inscribed under the statue of the Pioneer Mother at San Francisco, Pan-American Exposition.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way"! Of the men who went into the untracked west for gold and adventure . . . all drank its wide freedom as an intoxicating wine. It was a good land to them . . . but the women, who for love's sake followed, or went with the foremost, it was theirs to pay in blood the price of the star. And be for the most part forgotten. . . . If waving corn and the smoke of cities sprang up in the track of the white man, they sprang from a

soil fertilized with the hearts of women and little children. Well may the land be rich; for rich in love and loyalty and fine patience were the lives that it has taken into its bosom.

From the Inscription on the Soldiers' Monument in the Court House Yard at Decatur, Adams County, Indiana.

FROM THE SOUL OF THE PIONEER MOTHER

I

WHEN first the starry worlds their courses knew
And law and order out of chaos sprang,
And bounds of the vast land and sea were set,
And man was in God's holy image made,
I was. Beside my sponsors Time and Fate
I stood in presence of Creative Power.
I felt Fate's fearful eyes upon me fixed;
I saw her right forefinger point aloft;
In her left hand my cup of life she held;
I heard her deep voice loud and clear speak out:

II

"O Soul, thy work of Heaven appointed is;
To nourish, guide and save the race, thy task!
Thy cup holds gifts from Being's essence come;
All wondrous powers of heart, and brain, and hand.
Travail thy portion, and ecstatic joy,
Endurance, faith, high courage, mighty love.
Thy way far over devious paths may lead:
If through the vale of gloom and pain, shrink not;
The faith given thee must cope with every odd,
And all things in the end are ordered well;
If to the sunlit hills upon whose slopes
Transfigured visions of life's meaning come,
Bring thou the vision down unto thy task,
For only through thy work fulfilment lies.
Drink thy life's cup down to the dregs. Fear not;

There will be heartsease mingled with the rue.
Magnificent thy doom beyond all power
Of birth, or place, or earthly circumstance.
The countless ages wait upon thy course!"

Then from Fate's hand I took the proffered cup
And unafraid, I drank it, crying out,
"I take the task by Heaven appointed me;
I will for unborn generations stand!
The cause of all mankind is linked with me!
With me!"

III

Hoary Time his magic wand did raise;
With far-off look, he turned to me and said:
"The years as moments are and moments, years;
In my long ken adown the way of life,
Was, and Is, and Will Be, are the same.
Heed well the mandate given to thee by Fate,
For patience long is price of her reward.
Touch thou my magic wand and view with me
From future heights the course of human kind.
Note well the scenes that pass before thine eyes;
Let not the present lead thee to despair;
But ever must thou keep in mind the end,
And moments see in light of Time's great sweep."

IV

I touched Time's wand; it gave me power to see
My dauntless children founding a new State,
To stand in our united Commonwealths
For patriotism, progress, purpose high.

Beside her help-mate comes a joyous bride
Who with strong heart her tearful parting takes
From home and friends and all she loves so well.
At last o'er lonely way and journey long,
The wilderness, her future home, is reached.

I see a mother o'er her first born bend,
Her face all radiant with maternal joy;
She croons her lullaby of hope and love
As Mary did o'er Bethl'em's manger rude.

Again all white with fear alone she stands;
Her tender children from her arms are torn,
Victims to a hideous savage foe;
The wild beasts howl till safety seems no more.

I looked on flow'ry meadows, waving grain,
And knew that underneath were graves unmarked
O'er which the ploughshare and the sickle passed;
Graves in which young mothers once were laid,
Dying so young, beneath life's overstrain.

To deeds of love a mother now goes forth;
Eyes of the dead are closed; the sick made well;
The hopeless and discouraged ones made glad.
In humble home, as queen of household arts,
She plies with skill the shuttle, needle, wheel.

List! The war-drum beats! The bugle blows!
Their bodeful message to her mind comes clear.
To Country's call she hero's answer gives;
"Take thou my sons! Life of my life, I yield!"
Ah, motherhood, how great thy sacrifice!
What nation can to thee repay thy loss?
In war-tent now by wounded she keeps watch;
Her mother heart the dying accent hears;
She died with each brave son she lost, yet lives
To suffer death, remembering her past joys.

I turned where Education purpose gives,
And wider, larger span to womanhood;
The first four walls no longer bound the home;
The world her country and its people hers;
Co-operate service now of her is asked,
Yet voice in laws which govern her denied;
O brothers, husbands, sons, so long she waits
Your championship for justice still deferred!

V

A glad scene passes now before my view;
Advancing banners wave! Music of pean
Dirge and anthem of high praise peals out;
Exultant people sing of love and home;
Youths and maidens, children in gay dance,
And agéd ones keep holiday to mark
Their Statehood's first Centennial year; to give
Due honor to its founders—Pioneers!

The crowd makes way! A deep hush falls! They come
Who the unbroken wilderness transformed,
The father and the mother Pioneer,
Hand in hand, by joyous children led
To the high seat with ivy decked for them.
Midst shouts of loud acclaim and music glad,
A crown for service on each head is placed;
Full partners, they in equal honor stand,
Not crowned as ancient king or queen to rule!
They wear the only crown this country gives,
A wreath for honor, toil, achievement won.
With upraised hands they signal, blessing given;
The multitude in humble silence stand,
And with the aged pair, well pleased, look through
A Century's purple mist on lives well spent.

VI

Time lowered his wand; the magic power was lost.
Fate spoke again, "Be strong, O Soul! Doubt not!
As said at first, 'Magnificent thy doom
Beyond all power of birth or circumstance!'"

1916. —Charity Dye.

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